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VOLUME



PENNSYLVANIA  
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# *In & Out*

*OF*

# *Book and Journal*

BY

A. SYDNEY ROBERTS

*Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia*

*Old Time his rusty scythe may whet,  
The unmowed grass is growing yet  
Beneath the sheltering snow, my boys :  
And if the crazy dotard ask,  
Is love worn out? Is life a task?  
We'll gayly answer No, my boys,  
We'll gayly answer No.*

*Holmes.*

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

S. W. VAN SCHAIK

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PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1890

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TO  
LOUIS WISTER, ESQ.,

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

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*Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,  
The gift of this adventurous song;  
A record which I dared to frame,  
Though timid scruples checked me long;  
They checked me—and I left the theme  
Untouched—in spite of many a gleam  
Of fancy which thereon was shed,  
Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
Upon the side of a distant hill.*

*Wordsworth.*

**50370**





A little stealing is a dangerous part,  
But stealing largely is a noble art:  
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost, or a hen,  
But stealing thousands makes us gentlemen.





## *In & Out*

*OF*

## *Book and Journal.*

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Titles of books—Decoys to catch purchasers.  
—*Chatfield.*

Hardly a man will you find who could live with  
his door open.—*Seneca.*

Snarl on ; you never shall your purpose gain ;  
What long you seek, you still shall seek in vain,  
Who aim at any rather than no fame.  
I will not, to abuse you, use your name :  
It never in my writings shall be seen,  
Or the world know that such a wretch hath been.  
Try to make others angry when you bellow :  
I scorn to meddle with a dirty fellow.

*Hay.*

Take from men ambition and vanity, and you will have neither heroes nor patriots.—*Seneca.*

Many beautiful things are otherwise useless, but in that fact are an eternal benediction.

*Schopenhauer.*

Candor in some people may be compared to barley-sugar drops, in which the acid preponderates over the sweetness.—*Chatfield.*

The highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—*George Eliot.*

Why revenge an enemy when you can outwit him?—*Xolotl.*

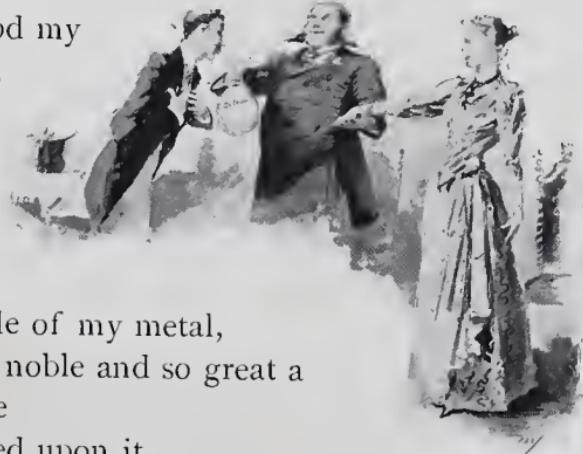
Employment, which Galen calls “nature’s physician,” is so essential to human happiness, that Indolence is justly considered as the mother of Misery.—*Burton.*

Great brains (like brightest glass) crack straight,  
while those  
Of stone or wood hold out, and fear no blows ;  
And we their ancient hoary heads can see  
Whose wit was never their mortality.

*Bishop Earle.*

Self-possession is another name for self-forgetfulness.—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

Now, good my  
lord,  
Let  
there  
be  
some  
more  
test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a  
figure  
Be stamped upon it.



*Shakespeare.*

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,  
Who caught his death by drinking cold small-beer :  
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,  
And when ye're hot drink strong, or none at all.

*Epitaph, Winchester Cathedral.*

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity.—*Hare.*

True ease in action comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

*Pope.*

Disgust concealed  
Is oftentimes proof of wisdom, when the fault  
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

*Cowper.*

Crimes lead to crimes, and link so straight,  
What first was accident at last is fate.

*Mallet.*

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—*Ruskin.*

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security.—*Burke.*

Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders.—*Holmes.*

Henceforth my wooing shall be expressed  
In russet yeas, and honest, kersey noes.

*Shakespeare.*

Knaves will thrive when honest plainness knows  
not how to live.—*Shirley.*

The rocky nook with hill-tops three  
Looked eastward from the farms,  
And twice each day the flowing sea  
Took Boston in its arms.

*Emerson.*

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige  
them ; for the better a man deserves, the worse  
they will speak of him.—*Seneca.*

In idling mood had from him hurled  
The poor squeezed orange of the world.

*Whittier.*

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees  
O'er all the pleasant land !

*Hemans.*



Look, love ! what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east !  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

*Shakespeare.*

The birth of science was the death of superstition.—*Huxley.*

He who too much fears hatred is unfit to reign.  
*Seneca.*

Nero was wont to say of his master, Seneca, that his style was like mortar without lime.—*Bacon.*

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Self-denial is often the sacrifice of one sort of self-love for another.—*Colton.*

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,  
Beguile the remnant of the night ;  
And many a snatch of jovial song  
Regales them as they wind along ;  
While to the music, from on high,  
The echoes make a glad reply.

*Wordsworth.*

To follow foolish precedents, and wink  
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

*Cowper.*

They crouched to him, for he had skill  
To warp and wield the vulgar will.

*Byron.*

A man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.—*Bacon.*

Death, so called, is a thing that makes men weep,  
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.

*Byron.*

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

You rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Shakespeare.*



The dews of the evening most carefully shun ;  
They're the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

*Chesterfield.*

None but a fool is always right.

*Hare.*

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner.—*Anon.*

Popularity—The brightness of a falling star,—the fleeting splendor of a rainbow,—the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation.

*Chatfield.*

Every noble crown is, and on earth will ever be,  
a crown of thorns.—*Carlyle.*

Reputation—oft got without merit, and lost  
without deserving.—*Shakespeare.*

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused ;  
As poison heals, in just proportions used.

*Pope.*

When a man plants a tree, he cannot be pre-  
sumed to plant it in contemplation of present  
profit.—*Blackstone.*

Of all bad things by which mankind are curst,  
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

*Menander.*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains.

*Aaron Hill.*

I've never any pity for conceited people, because  
I think they carry their comfort about with them.  
—*George Eliot.*

A rat may mine the stoutest wall  
 And cause the noblest structure's fall :  
 The critic, too, in envious spite,  
 Would spoil a work a saint may write.

*Horner.*



Look to her, Moor ; have a  
 quick eye to see :  
 She has deceived her father,  
 and may thee.

*Shakespeare.*

The rust rots  
 the steel which use pre-  
 serves.—*Lytton.*

There lies no desert in the land of life ;  
 For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,  
 Labored of thee in faith and hope, shall teem  
 With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.

*Kemble.*

The failure that makes thy distress  
May teach another full success.

*Adelaide Procter.*

Prayer-books answer many useful purposes besides that of being carefully laid on the drawing-room table every Sunday morning.—*Chatfield.*

There is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter than through modesty.—*Richter.*

Never risk a joke with a person who is not well bred, and possessed of sense to comprehend it.—*La Bruyère.*

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village ; if you would know, and not be known, live in a city.—*Colton.*

Diogenes, while he was washing cabbages, seeing Aristippus approach, cried out to him, “ If you knew how to live upon cabbages, you would not be paying court to a tyrant.” “ If you knew how to live with kings,” replied Aristippus, “ you would not be washing cabbages.”



Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,  
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.

*Dryden.*

Every failure teaches a man something, if he  
will learn.—*Dickens.*

Jealousy—Tormenting yourself, for fear you  
should be tormented by another.—*Chatfield.*

These questioned not ; silent enduring souls,  
Who neither knew the best nor worst of life.

No shade has come between  
Thee and the sun ;  
Like some long childish dream,  
Thy life has run.  
But now the stream has reached  
A dark, deep sea,  
And sorrow, dim and crowned,  
Is waiting thee.

*Procter.*

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends, and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.—*George Washington.*

Devotion seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it.—*Addison.*

If you live according to the dictates of nature, you will never be poor ; or if according to the notions of the world, you will never be rich.—*Seneca.*

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies ; seldom safe to instruct, even our friends.—*Colton.*



The wind and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.  
—*Gibbon.*

It is the contemptible who fear contempt.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

The deeper thé sorrow, the less tongue hath it.—*Talmud.*

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,  
Foming with poyson round about her gils,  
In which her cursèd tongue full sharpe and short  
Appeared, like aspis sting, that closely kils,  
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils.  
A distaffe in her other hand she had,  
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spills ;  
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,  
To throw amongst the good, which others had  
disprad.

*Spenser.*

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Burke.*

To a healthy mind the world is a constant challenge of opportunities.—*Lowell.*

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Colton.*

Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves.

*Shakespeare.*

To appear a *blue-stocking*, subjects a female to certain ridicule with those coxcombs who adopt the silly notion of Lessing, “that a young lady who thinks is like a man who rouges.”

Wise men argue causes, and fools decide them.—*Anacharsis.*

Coquetry whets the appetite ; flirtation depraves it.—*Ik Marvel.*

Wags and wits—Lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others.—*Chatfield.*

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.  
—*George Eliot.*

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.—*Shakespeare.*



The court does not render a man contented, but it prevents his being so elsewhere.—*La Bruyère.*

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—*Trench.*

Bestow personal service if you cannot give gold.  
—*Coley.*

Ceremony—All that is considered necessary by many in religion and friendship.—*Chatfield.*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

*Bailey.*

And thus my Christmas still I hold,  
Where my great-grandsire came of old,  
With amber beard and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air,  
The feast and holy tide to share,  
And mix sobriety with wine,  
And honest mirth with thoughts divine.

*Scott.*

What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide, and show us the real state of people's minds !—*Scott.*

The dignity of truth is lost by much protesting.  
—*Jonson.*

The first step toward useful knowledge is to be able to detect falsehood.

Volition vain will fret no more  
The automatic soul ;  
Emotion then will fail to score,  
While reflex action takes the floor  
And dominates the whole !

*Kendall.*

Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.—*Spanish proverb.*

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own,—which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world, and so very few are offended by it.—*Swift.*









Women are ever the dupes or the victims of their extreme sensitiveness.—*Balzac*.

Content—A mental will-o'-the-wisp, which all are seeking, but which few attain.—*Chatfield*.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.—*Zimmermann*.

Truth is established by investigation and delay ; falsehood prospers by precipitancy.—*Tacitus*.

If you want enemies, excel others ; if you want friends, let others excel you.—*Colton*.

Silence is a virtue in those who are deficient in understanding.—*Bouhours*.

I must not break my back to heal his finger.—  
*Shakespeare.*

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Masquerade—A synonyme for life and civilized society.—*Chatfield.*

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

*Shakespeare.*

My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

*Moore.*

Gravity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the understanding.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Though the Jews were but a small nation, and confined to a narrow compass in the world, yet the first rise of letters and languages is truly to be ascribed to them.—*Bishop Wilkins.*

In jealousy there is more self-love than love.—  
*La Rochefoucauld.*

Censure is the tax which a man pays to the public for being eminent.—*Addison.*

Why so very, very merry?  
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven  
sherry?

*Bab Ballads.*



My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Shakespeare.*

We are slow to believe what, if believed, would  
hurt our feelings.—*Ovid.*

The time of life is short ;  
To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long.  
*Shakespeare.*

Friends—There may be the same vitiated taste in the choice of friends, as of food.

Conscience is harder than our enemies ; knows more, accuses with more nicety.—*George Eliot.*

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are able to inspire.—*Duchesse de Praslin.*

Pessimists—Moral squinters, who, being incapable of a straightforward view, imagine that penetration is evinced by universal suspicion and mistrust.—*Chatfield.*

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.—*Bovee.*

What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry ; as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs a little faster.—*Chatfield.*

Is there then no death to a word once spoken ?  
Was never a deed but left its token  
On tables of stone that cannot be broken ?

The day thou'l rightly prize, whose sun has sunk,  
Advice when it is followed, and ale when drunk.  
The hopes of youth on shadows are often rested,  
But strength of sword and friendship by use are  
tested.

*Tegnér.*

The turnpike road to people's  
hearts, I find,  
Lies through their mouths,  
or I mistake man-  
kind.

*Peter Pindar.*

Coquette—A  
female general  
who builds her fame  
on her advances.—  
*Chatfield.*



You may break, you may shatter the vase if you  
will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

*Moore.*

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's  
errors than from his virtues.—*Longfellow.*

If you could go back to the forks of the road,—  
Back the long miles you have carried the load ;  
Back to the place where you had to decide  
By this way or that through your life to abide ;  
Back to the sorrow and back to the care ;  
Back to the place where the future was fair,—  
If you were there now, a decision to make,  
O pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you  
take ?

Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,  
Suppose that again to the forks you went back,  
After you found that its promises fair  
Were but a delusion that led to a snare,—  
That the road you first travelled with sighs and  
unrest,  
Though dreary and rough, was most graciously  
blest  
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each  
ache,—  
O pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you  
take ?

Abuse of others is a losing game ;  
The ill we say produces only ill,  
Upon the speaker's head recoiling still.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to  
be loved.—*Macdonald.*

You are as welcome,  
    worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid  
    you; and shall  
    find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Shakespeare.*



Puritanism—The innocence of  
the vicious,—external sancti-  
mony assumed as a cover for  
internal laxity.—*Chatfield.*

Evil and good report we  
soon live down if undeserved.  
—*Southey.*

Heroes are a mischievous race.—*Collier.*

Umbrella—An article which, by the morality of  
society, you may steal from friend or foe.

*Chatfield.*

I had rather learn ten ideas in a given time, than  
ten different signs that express one and the same  
idea.—*Spurgeon.*

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler, sister woman ;  
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang.  
 To step aside is human.

*Burns.*

Poets at court might once preferment share,  
 But of all fools are now least welcome there.

*Boileau.*



As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them.—*Plutarch.*

Small habits well pursued betimes  
 May reach the dignity of crimes.

*Hannah More.*

A stumble may prevent a fall.

That which starts upon stilts often ends upon crutches.

Custom does often reason overrule,  
And only serves for reason to the fool.

*Rochester.*

In love-matters, keep your pen from paper.—  
*Alfred de Musset.*

'Twas no false heraldry when Madness drew  
Her pedigree from those who too much knew.

*Denham.*

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less  
difficult to others?—*George Eliot.*

A good intention clothes itself with sudden  
power.—*Emerson.*

What is honor? 'Tis the finest sense  
Of justice the human mind can frame.

*Wordsworth.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

*Shakespeare.*

The mischief of children is seldom actuated by malice ; that of grown-up people always is.—  
*Rivarol.*

Under this sod lies John Round,  
Who was lost at sea and never found.

*Old epitaph.*



Like hand - in - hand  
insurance plates,  
Which unavoidably creates  
The thoughts of conflagration.

*Cotterper.*

While that the barber went to trim  
And shave Lupercus' chops and chin,  
He was so tedious on the face,  
Another beard grew in the place.

*Fletcher.*

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Shakespeare.*

Vulgarity is not found in uncivilized life, because in that state there is little difference of rank, and less of manners.—*Chatfield.*

You do not well to rest your hope  
On natures of a narrower scope,  
And leave the souls which, like your own,  
Aspire, to find their way alone,—  
To go down childless to their graves,  
The while you get your sons of slaves.

*Pfeiffer.*

Clear as amber, fine as musk,  
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,  
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk.

We do not despise all others who have vices, but we despise all those who have not a single virtue.  
—*La Rochefoucauld.*

This life a theatre we well may call,  
 Where every actor must perform with art,  
 Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,  
 Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

*Greek Anthology.*



What you keep by you, you may change  
 and mend ;

But words once  
 spoken can never  
 be recalled.

*Roscommon.*

Adversity borrows  
 its sharpest sting from  
 our impatience.

*Bishop Horne.*

Malice is of the boomerang character, and is apt  
 to turn upon the projector.—*Thackeray.*

Trust not the snow of spring-time, nor night-old  
 ice,  
 The serpent when he sleepeth, nor girl's advice ;  
 The mind of changeful woman not long abideth,  
 And fickleness of spirit 'neath flower-tints hideth.

*Tegnér.*

“ What call I, then, ENOUGH ? ” What will afford  
A decent habit, and a frugal board ;  
What Epicurus’ little garden bore,  
And Socrates sufficient thought before :  
These squared by Nature’s rules their blameless  
life—  
Nature and wisdom never are at strife.

*Gifford.*

Thus prudes by characters o’erthrown  
Imagine that they raise their own.

*Gay.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy ;  
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.  
*Shakespeare.*

Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul.

*Goldsmith.*

Friendship is often destroyed by a thousand  
secret and slight competitions.—*Johnson.*

The fool of Vanity ; for her alone he lives, loves,  
writes, and dies but to be known.—*Canning.*

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way towards the value of the thing itself.  
—*Seneca.*

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),  
Virtue alone is happiness below.—*Pope.*



What fate imposes  
men must needs  
abide :  
It boots not to re-  
sist both wind  
and tide.

*Shakespeare.*

A man's think-  
ing, I take it, is  
a kind of com-  
bustion, as is the ripening of fruits and leaves,  
and he wants plenty of oxygen in the air.

*John Burroughs.*

If ancient poets Argus prize,  
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,  
Sure greater praise to her is due,  
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

*Anon.*

Yes, we had nights of that communion free,  
That flow of heart, which I had known with thee  
So oft, so warmly,—nights of mirth and mind,  
Of whims that taught, and follies that refined.

*Moore.*

'Tis an excellent world that we live in,  
To lend, to spend, or to give in ;  
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,  
'Tis just the worst world that ever was known.

There is more danger in a reserved and silent friend than in a noisy and babbling enemy.—  
*L'Estrange.*

My love is cheated,  
    My home is burned,  
My shame completed,  
    I'm exiled, spurned.  
From land appealing  
    To ocean's swell,  
Life's joyous feeling,  
    Farewell, farewell !

*Tegnér.*

Time never fails to bring every exalted reputation to a strict scrutiny.—*Fisher Ames.*

I can make a lord, but only God Almighty can make a gentleman.—*James I.*

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,  
 Lies Arabella Young,  
 Who on the 24th of May  
 Began to hold her tongue.

*Old epitaph.*

Some reckon their age by years,  
 Some measure their life by art,  
 But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,  
 And their life by the moans of their heart.

*Father Ryan.*

Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in.—*Chesterfield.*

Yet more,—round many a convent's blazing fire  
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun ;  
 There Venus sits disguised like a nun,—  
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a friar,  
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher,  
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run  
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won  
 An instant kiss of masterful desire.

*Wordsworth.*

Every man stamps his value upon himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.—*Schiller.*

Self-vindication never does a man any good unless he has been assailed.—*Gladstone.*

*Lines inscribed on a hundred-pound note.*

A little while ye hae been mine,  
Nae langer can I keep ye ;  
I fear ye'll ne'er be mine again,  
Nor any other like ye.

Trust not to the physician ;  
his antidotes are poison, and  
he slays more than you rob.

*Shakespeare.*

Knowledge of the world—The fancied wisdom of those whose reflections are created by a mirror.—*Chatfield.*

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth.—*Colton.*



A little learning is a dangerous thing ;  
- Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

*Pope.*

The venom clamors of a jealous woman,  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
*Shakespeare.*

Friendship often ends in love ; but love, in  
friendship—never.—*Colton.*

He picked something out of everything he read.  
—*Pliny.*

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had :  
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

*Pope.*

Scandal—What one half the world takes a  
pleasure in inventing, and the other half in be-  
lieving.—*Chatfield.*

He who labors to lessen the dignity of human  
nature destroys many efficacious motives for prac-  
tising worthy actions.—*Warton.*

Persecution—Disobeying the most solemn injunctions of Christianity under the sham plea of upholding it.—*Chatfield.*

Ah me ! we oft know not till over late  
What things are truly small and what are great.

*Will Carleton.*



Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,  
You might be sure she was a perfect fright :  
She did this during even her husband's life—  
I recommend as much to every wife.

*Byron.*

Here lies my wife Sallie ; let her lie :  
She's at peace, and so am I.

*Old epitaph.*

Those who trust us educate us.—*George Eliot.*

They who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites.—*Anon.*

To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
*Shakespeare.*

There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

*Harvey.*

Brains made clear  
By the irresistible strength of beer.  
*Barry Cornwall.*

Love is riotous, but marriage should have quiet,  
And, being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

*Byron.*

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them.—*Swift.*

An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promise.—*Howell.*



The angriest person in a controversy is the one most liable to be in the wrong.—*Tillotson.*

Here lies my wife, Sallie Sexton ;  
She was a wife who never vexed one :  
I can't say that for her at the next stone.

*Old epitaph.*

The eyes which are never gladdened by light  
should never stream with tears.—*Sydney Smith.*

No man is born into the world whose work is  
not born with him.—*Lowell.*

Women, somehow, have the same fear of witty  
men as of fireworks.—*Jerrold.*

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number.—*Colton.*

The general remedy of those who are uneasy without knowing the cause, is change of place.—*Johnson.*

Many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he has looked upon as an idiot.—*Addison.*

They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness.—*Shakespeare.*

Originality—Unconscious or undetected imitation.—*Chatfield.*

Physicians always cherish a sneaking kindness for cooks, as more certain and regular purveyors of patients than plague and pestilence.—*Chatfield.*

It is a mystic circle, that surrounds  
Comforts and virtues never known beyond  
Its hallowed limit.

*Southey.*

I was so good-humored, so cheerful and gay,  
My heart was as light as a feather all day ;  
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
So strangely uneasy as never was known.

*Byron.*



A little management may often evade resistance  
which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome.  
*—Anon.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment  
to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good  
or evil side.

*Lowell.*

Give it another turn, and that's the gout.

The cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility.—*Lord Lytton.*

Talleyrand, being pestered with importunate questions by a squinting man concerning his broken leg, replied, “It is quite crooked,—as you see.”

Here lies Thomas Huddlestane. Reader, don't smile !

But reflect, as this tombstone you view,  
That death, who killed him, in a very short while  
Will huddle a stone upon you.

*Epitaph, Affington, Devonshire, Eng.*

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.—*Pope.*

All censure of others is oblique praise of self.

See how he sets his countenance for deceit,  
And promises a lie before he speaks.

*Dryden.*

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

*Gray.*

Even the ant has bile.

*Lucian.*

Faith is a higher faculty  
than reason.—*Bailey.*

When fancy begins to  
be overruled by reason,  
and corrected by experi-  
ence, the most artful tale  
raises but little curiosity.—  
*Johnson.*



Thus in her crime her confidence she placed,  
And with new treasons would redeem the past.

*Dryden.*

Who by aspersions throw a stone  
At th' head of others, hit their own.

*Herbert.*

Risorius Santorini, thee I sing ;  
Close to the corners of the mouth you cling ;  
And honest laughter with its cheery ring,  
And scornful sneers, with angry, caustic sting,  
By thy quick action into being spring.

*Anon.*

Men are but children of a larger growth ;  
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving, too, and full as vain ;  
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,  
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;  
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward  
To the world's open view.

*Dryden.*

Letters which are warmly sealed are often but coldly opened.—*Richter.*









No varnish can hide the grain of the wood ; the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself.—*Dickens*.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,  
Envy, and calumny, and hate, and pain ;  
And that unrest which men miscall delight  
Can touch him not, and torture not again :  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure.

*Keats.*

'Tis, by comparison, an easy task  
Earth to despise.

*Wordsworth.*

Lend me a looking-glass :  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Shakespeare.*

An Irishman that is an Irish gentleman will brag forever about his own country, but if you say anything in its favor he always thinks you are quizzing him.—*Lever.*



Fly not yet: 'tis just the hour

When pleasure, like the  
midnight flower

That scorns the  
eye of vul-  
gar light,  
Begins to  
bloom  
for sons  
of night,  
And maids  
who love  
the moon.

*Moore.*

Hurrah for the meter, the jolly new meter !

Not the long—nor the short—nor the common  
old meter,

But partic'lar for you and for me :  
'Tis the ten-millionth part from the pole to th'  
equator,

With it you can measure a township or 'tater,  
A kingdom, a brig, or a flea.

*Anon.*

Sir Anthony.—“ Come here, sirrah ! who the devil  
are you ? ”

Captain Absolute.—“ Faith, sir, I’m not quite clear  
myself ; but I’ll endeavor to recollect.”

*Sheridan.*

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him of thy  
errand just before his dinner.—*Fuller.*

A hare-brained sentimental trace  
Was strongly markéd in her face ;  
A wildly-witty rustic grace  
Shone full upon her ;  
Her eye, ev’n turned on empty space,  
Beamed keen with honor.

*Burns.*

Beneath these stones repose the bones  
Of Theodosius Grimm :  
He took his beer from year to year,  
And then his bier took him.

*Old epitaph.*

The lawyer’s brief is like the surgeon’s knife,  
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,  
And with it all the process of digestion.

*Byron.*

A sweet disorder in the dresse  
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse :  
 A lawne about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction ;



An erring lace, which  
 here and there  
 Enthralls the crimson  
 stomacher ;  
 A cuffe neglectfull, and  
 thereby  
 Ribbands to flow  
 confusedly :  
 A winning wave (de-  
 serving note)  
 In the tempestuous  
 petticoate ;  
 A carelesse shooe-  
 string, in whose tye

I see a wilde civility :  
 Doe more bewitch me, then when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

*Herrick.*

Society is made up of two classes : those who have more dinner than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinner.

Titles of honor add not to his worth who is himself an honor to his titles.—*Pope.*

Wine and women, mirth and laughter—  
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

*Byron.*

Said Mr. B., I do agree,  
But think of honor's courts !  
If we go off without a shot,  
There will be strange reports.

*Hood.*

Though ten times worse themselves,  
You'll frequent view  
Those who with keenest rage will censure you.

*Pitt.*

Here lies buried in this tomb  
A constant sufferer from salt-rheum,  
Which finally in truth did pass  
To spotted erysipelas ;  
A husband brave, a father true,  
Here he lies, and so must you.

*Old epitaph.*

Tinder—A thin rag,—such, for instance, as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.—  
*Chatfield.*

All things are hushed as Nature's self lay dead :  
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head ;  
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
 And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat :  
 Even lust and envy sleep ; yet love denies  
 Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

*Dryden.*

The over-curious are not over-wise.—*Massinger.*

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired ;  
 'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.

*Shakespeare.*

It ain't what you endeavor to do, it's  
 what you do.

That's what I es-  
 timate in a  
 man.

*Dickens.*



In similar  
 waters simi-  
 lar fish are  
 found.

*Ruysch.*

He had the spleen to a high degree, and affected an extravagant behavior.—*Burnett.*

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting  
(Though for breakfast too savory, I ween),  
He exclaimed to a friend, who sat silent and fast-  
ing,

“What a breakfast of learning is mine!”  
“A breakfast of learning!” with wonder he cried,  
And laughed, for he thought him mistaken;  
“Why, what is it else,” the sage quickly replied,  
“When I’m making large extracts from Bacon?”

*Anon.*

If what shone afar so grand  
Turns to nothing in thy hand,  
On again: the virtue lies  
In the struggle, not the prize.

*Milnes.*

They varnish all their errors, and secure  
The ills they act and all the world endure.

*Denham.*

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

*Pope.*

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
 Appear in writing or in judging ill ;  
 But of the two less dangerous is th' offence  
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

*Pope.*



Oft the eye mistakes,  
 the brain being trou-  
 bled.

*Shakespeare.*

Within a drop of  
 ink may lurk that  
 force that moves the  
 world to better deeds.

False shame only  
 is harmful.—*Livy.*

He is the wiser man, master doctor ; he is a  
 curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies.

*Shakespeare.*

He's done a-catching cod,  
 And gone to meet his God.

*Old epitaph, Block Island.*

Till taught by pain,  
Men really know not what good water's worth.  
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,  
Or with a famished boat's-crew had your berth,  
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,  
You'd wish yourself where truth is,—in a well.

*Byron.*

Speculation—A word that sometimes begins  
with its second letter.—*Chatfield.*

### *Holland.*

A country that draws fifty foot of water,  
In which men live as in a hold of nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

A land that rides at anchor and is moored,  
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

*Butler.*

A famous man is Robin Hood,  
The English ballad-singer's joy ;  
And Scotland has a thief as good,  
An outlaw of as daring mood,—  
She has her brave Rob Roy.  
Then clear the weeds from off his grave,  
And let us chant a passing stave  
In honor of that hero brave !

*Wordsworth.*

Nature creates merit, and Fortune brings it into play.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

What most increases anger is the feeling that one is in the wrong.—*Richter.*



By my troth, we who have good wits have much to answer for.

*Shakespeare.*

To be wise too late, is the exactest definition of a fool.—*Young.*

Timidity challenges the scorn of women.—*Massias.*

Here lies the wife of Robert Ricular,  
Who walked the way of God perpendicular.

*Old epitaph, Saratoga, N. Y.*

For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.

*Holmes.*

All great art represents something that it sees or believes in : for instance, Dante's centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his arrow before he can speak, is a thing that no mortal would ever have thought of, if he had not actually seen the centaur do it.—*Ruskin.*

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.

*Anon.*

A lover may grow cold in time,  
But a friend is never at his prime :  
Friendship's a cool and calm delight,  
But love burns out at Fahrenheit.

*Anon.*

Well done ! Thy words are great and bold ;  
At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's in the days of old,  
Half battles for the free.

*Longfellow.*

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—  
*Beaconsfield.*

You love a nothing when you love an ingrate.—  
*Plautus.*

We never know the true value of friends.  
While they live, we are too sensitive of their  
faults ; when we have lost them, we only see their  
virtues.—*Hare.*



The want of occu-  
pation is no less the  
plague of society than  
of solitude.

*Rousseau.*

The inborn genial-  
ity of some people  
amounts to genius.—*Whipple.*

He cannot be complete in aught  
Who is not humorously prone ;  
A man without a merry thought  
Can hardly have a funny bone.

*London Lyrics.*

Slight provocations and frivolous offences are  
the most frequent causes of disquiet.—*Blair.*

See a disenchanted nation  
Spring like day from desolation ;  
To truth its state is dedicate,  
And freedom leads it forth.

*Shelley.*

A few may fear the haughty, whom all despise ;  
And with the proud in spirit, destruction lies :  
Those once flew high, who're now on crutches  
creeping ;  
The winds rule fortune, weather, time of reaping.

*Tegnér.*

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

*Gray.*

For love is like the China rose,  
That leafs so quickly from the tree ;  
And life, though all the honey goes,  
Lasts ever, like the pot-pourri.

*Marzials.*

The more originality you have in yourselves, the more you see in other people.—*Pascal.*

It is not as much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us.—*Swift.*

Universal plodding poisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries.

*Shakespeare.*



Still barred  
thy doors ! The far  
east glows,  
The morning wind blows fresh and free.  
Should not the hour that wakes the rose  
Awaken also thee ?

*Ballads of Hindustan.*

The criminal alleged in his defence, that what he had done was to raise mirth, and to avoid ceremony.—*Addison.*

The ordinary subjects of satire are such as excite the greatest indignation in the best tempers.—*Addison.*

As all words in few letters live,  
Thou to few words all sense dost give.  
*Cowley.*

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest or earnest ; scoff at none, although they give occasion.—*Washington.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot :  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.  
*Shakespeare.*

The men who would make good husbands, if they visit public places, are frightened at wedlock, and resolve to live single.—*Johnson.*

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—*Disraeli.*

Critics no longer we shall flee,  
 Nor care how base the things they say are ;  
 They will be we, and we shall be  
 The critics, just as much as they are.

*Miss Kendall.*



No damsel  
 faints  
 when  
 rather  
 closely  
 pressed,  
 But more ca-  
 ressing seems when  
 most caressed ;  
 Superfluous hartshorn, and  
 reviving salts,  
 Both banished by the sov-  
 ereign cordial “waltz.”

*Byron.*

Titles of books—Decoys to catch purchasers.  
 The public are welcome to end with condemning,  
 if they will only begin with buying.—*Chatfield.*

Sorrow nor joy can be disguised by art ;  
 Our foreheads blab the secrets of our heart.

*Dryden.*

Where the intellectual level is low, charlatans rise to distinction. They are like those rocks on the sea-shore which only look high at low water.—*Petit-Senn.*

Head—A bulbous excrescence, of special use to many as a peg for hanging a hat on ; as a machine for fitting into a halter or guillotine ; as a receptacle for freaks, fancies, follies, passions, prejudices, predilections ; for anything, in short, but brains.—*Chatfield.*

Well-done outlives death.

“Are good folk very clean up-town?”

Inquired a rustic o'er his porter.

“Clean!” cried a cockney just come down,

“They even wash their milk with water.”

Posthumous glory—A revenue payable to our ghosts ; an ignis-fatuus ; the glow-worm of the grave ; the short twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun.—*Chatfield.*

To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possibilities.—*Carlyle.*

You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes  
 Are tender over drowning flies,  
 You tell me, doubt is devil-born.

*Tennyson.*

Weep, stranger, for a father spilled  
 From a stage-coach, and thereby killed,  
 His name J. Sykes, a maker of passengers,  
 Slain with three other outside passengers.

*Old epitaph.*

And lightly on the dimpling eddies fling  
 The hypocritic fly's unruffled wing.

*Angler's Dial.*

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
 For things that are not to be remedied.

*Shakespeare.*

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he  
 likes to hear another talked of.—*Lavater.*

Absence of occupation is not rest :  
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

*Cowper.*

Of all thieves fools are the worst : they rob you  
of time and temper.—*Goethe.*

Hic locus est quem si verbis audacia detur  
Haud meum magni dixisse palatia coeli.

*Inscript. Hardwick Hall.*

I do not kiss the man, but the  
mouth that has uttered  
so many charming  
things.

*Margaret of France.*

Egotism — Suf-  
fering the private  
*I* to be too much  
in the public *eye*.

*Chatfield.*



I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the  
sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or  
four enormous friendships.—*Pope.*

Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight,  
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight.

*Spenser.*

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.—*Seneca.*

No man's mistake will be able to warrant an unjust surmise, much less justify a false censure.—*South.*

Men in all deliberations find ease to be of the negative side, to object, and foretell difficulties.—*Bacon.*

Banish that viewless fiend  
Whose horrid presence men have named “Despair:”  
Let all thy efforts tend  
Through life unto some great, some noble end,  
And life itself will soon a nobler aspect wear.

As the soft breath of spring  
Robes in bright hues the dark old earth again,  
So would such purpose bring  
Thee back the buoyancy of youth, and fling  
Joy on thy aching heart, unfelt through years of  
pain.

*Rubles.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.—*Campbell.*

The grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*Shakespeare.*

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?—  
*Shakespeare.*

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.—  
*Cowper.*

Diseased na-  
ture  
oft-times  
breaks  
forth  
In strange  
eruptions.



*Shakespeare.*

All seems infected that the infected spy,  
And all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.

*Anon.*

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you.

*Shakespeare.*

Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother  
were drowned in their passage from America.  
Had they both lived, they would have been buried  
here.

*Old epitaph, Belturbet, Ireland.*

At the beaker's brim  
Beating brittle bubbles,  
Sea in which to swim  
And cast away all troubles,  
Sea where sorrow sinks,  
Ne'er to rise again.—oh,  
Blessedest of drinks,  
Welcome, Pommery Gréno !

*Edmund Yates.*

Besides—my prospects—don't you know that peo-  
ple won't employ  
A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like  
a boy?  
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon  
a shoot,  
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its  
root?

*Holmes.*

Alas ! to think how people's creeds  
Are contradicted by people's deeds !

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

*Shakespeare.*



And old Silenus, shaking a green stick  
Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew,  
Come, blithe as in the olive copses thick  
Cicadæ are, drunk with noonday dew ;  
And Dryope and Faunus follow quick,  
Teasing the god to sing them something new.

The sunniest things throw sternest shade,  
And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid !

*Hood.*

Here lies William Smith, and, what is somewhat  
rarish;  
He was born, bred, and hanged in this here  
parish.

*Old epitaph.*

Precocious children,—whose early intellectual development is often the harbinger of a premature decay.—*Chatfield*.

In examining mankind at large, we shall find that general happiness is founded more on morality than on intellect.

He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it cry, No recovery.—*Shakespeare*.









Mingle a little folly with your wisdom.—*Horace.*

Personal force never goes out of fashion.—*Emerson.*

To be deprived of friends is a fit reward of faithlessness.—*Bacon.*

The famous Countess of Desmond,  
Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,  
And died by a fall from a cherry-tree then :  
What a frisky old girl !

Not in seclusion, not apart from all,  
Not in a place elected for its peace,  
But in the heat and bustle of the world,  
'Mid sorrow, sickness, suffering, and sin,  
Must he still labor with a loving soul  
Who strives to enter through the narrow gate.

*Vishnu Purana.*

As father Adam first was fooled,  
A case that's still too common,  
Here lies a man a woman ruled,  
The devil ruled the woman.

*Burns.*

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad.

*Shakespeare.*

Still humanity grows dearer,  
Being learned the more.

*Jean Ingelow.*

A lie is said to travel half round the world while  
the truth is getting ready to start.

The fop sets learning at defiance,  
Scoffs at the pedant and the science.

*Gay.*

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for man-  
kind.

*Goldsmith.*

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—*Carlyle*.

No navigator has yet traced lines of latitude and longitude on the conjugal sea.—*Balzac*.

Something less than joy, but more than dull content.  
—*Countess of Winchelsea*.

I would fain coin wisdom,—mould it, I mean, into maxims, proverbs, sentences, that can easily be retained and transmitted.—*Joubert*.



The quarter of an hour before dinner is the worst suitors can choose.—*Zimmermann*.

The speech of flowers exceeds all flowers of speech.—

What the weak head with strongest bias rules  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

*Pope.*

Disgust concealed  
Is oftentimes proof of wisdom, when the fault  
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

*Cowper.*

The least drop in the world I do not mind :  
Cognac's a noun I never yet declined.

*Byron.*

This is some fellow who, having been praised  
for bluntness, doth affect a saucy roughness.

*Shakespeare.*

Beauty, that fleeting good, grows yearly less,  
And time alone will spoil the finest face.  
Nor violet nor lily always blows,  
And prickles oft survive the faded rose.

*Tate.*

When the judgment's weak,  
The prejudice is strong.

*O'Hara.*

The prima donna, smiling herself out,  
Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout.

*Calverley.*

Thy face in hieroglyphic style  
Seems just marked out ; thy waist a span ;  
Thou sketch ! thou outline ! thou profile !  
Thou bas-relievo of a man !



There swims no goose so gray but, soon or late,  
She finds some honest gander for a mate.

*Pope.*

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor :  
If they be done to us, to suffer them is valor too.

*Ben Jonson.*

I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.

*Shakespeare.*

He sung of love whose flame illumes  
 The darkness of lone cottage rooms ;  
 He feels the force—  
 The treacherous undertow and stress—  
 Of wayward passion, and no less  
 The keen remorse.

*Burns.*

Character is a perfectly educated will.—*Novalis.*

Too great confidence in success is the likeliest  
 to prevent it.—*Atterbury.*

The mountains labor, and a mouse is born.—  
*Roscommon.*

It's no' in titles, nor in rank,  
 It's no' in wealth like Lun'on Bank,  
 To purchase peace and rest ;  
 It's no' in making muckle mair,  
 It's no' in books, it's no' in lear,  
 To make us truly blest.  
 If happiness has not her seat  
 And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
 But never can be blest.

*Burns.*

Gently, ah, gently, madam, touch  
The wound which you yourself have made :  
That pain must needs be very much,  
Which makes me of your hand afraid.  
Cordials of pity give me now,  
For I too weak of purgings grow.

*Cowley.*

The dinner waits, and we are tired ;  
Said Gilpin, " So am I."

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.

*Lord Lytton.*



The wise  
man starts and  
trembles at the perils  
of a bliss.—*Young.*

Hate is like fire: it makes even light rubbish deadly.—*George Eliot.*

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;  
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

*Byron.*

Those wounds heal ill  
That men do give themselves.

*Shakespeare.*

Gossip, like ennui, is born of idleness.

*Ninon de L'Enclos.*

*On a tombstone at Wolverhampton, A.D. 1690.*

Here lies the bones  
Of Joseph Jones,  
Who eat while he was able;  
But once o'erfed,  
He dropped down dead,  
And fell beneath the table.  
When from the tomb,  
To meet his doom,  
He rises amidst sinners,  
Since he must dwell  
In heav'n or hell,  
Take him—which gives best dinners.

Of every noble work the silent part is the best ;  
Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed.

*Story.*

How sweet the evening song-bird's vesper !

It cometh forth from Valhal's shore ;

How soft the moonbeams' gentle whisper

From where the dead live evermore !

They tell of light and love unbroken,

In homes devoid of care and pain,

Where joyous words alone are spoken :

There thou, my love, shalt ever reign.

*Tegnér.*

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt  
herself by a victory ;

Envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower an-  
other by a defeat.

*Colton.*

Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle  
of a wedding-ring !—*Colley Cibber.*

'Tis only noble to be good ;

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

*Tennyson.*

Our barren years are past :  
Be this of life the first, of sloth the last.

*Elphinston.*

Every violation of truth is a stab at the health of human society.—*Emerson.*

I mask the business from  
the common eye  
For sundry weighty  
reasons.

*Shakespeare.*



Gravity is an arrant scoundrel, and of the most dangerous kind, too, because a sly one.

*Sterne.*

If evils come not, then our fears are vain ;  
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

*Sir Thomas More.*

Rough to common men,  
But honeying at the whisper of a lord.

Some there be, that shadows kiss :  
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

*Shakespeare.*

To no one muse does she her glance confine,  
But has an eye, at once, to all the nine.

*Tom Moore.*

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious  
flowers ;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;  
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours.

*Shakespeare.*

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen ;  
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

*Pope.*

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;  
Present mirth hath present laughter :  
What's to come is still unsure :  
In delay there lies no plenty.  
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty.

*Shakespeare.*

Like wind compressed and pent within a bladder,  
Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

*Byron.*

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.

*Carlyle.*



It is with narrow-souled  
people as with  
narrow-necked bot-  
tles: the  
less they  
have in  
them the  
more noise  
they make  
in pouring out.—*Pope.*

La parole est d'argent, le silence est d'or.—  
*Anon.*

Shall I rage as they whirl in the valse?  
Shall I sneer as they carol and woo?  
Oh, no! for since Chloe is false,  
I'm certain that Darwin is true!

*Naden.*

Talents are nurtured best in solitude,  
But character on life's tempestuous sea.

*Goethe.*

'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
. . . I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures ; which doth  
give me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags  
To please the fool and death.

*Shakespeare.*

'Twere pity to offend  
By useless censure whom we cannot mend.

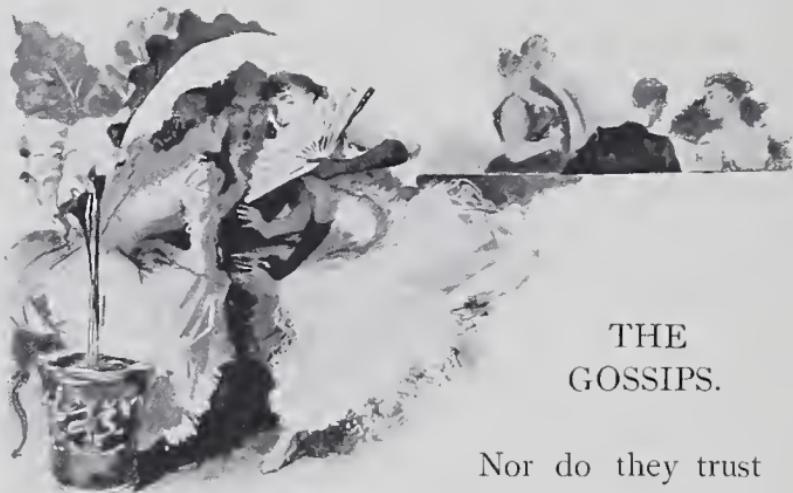
*Cowper.*

People newly emerged from obscurity generally  
launch out into indiscriminate display.

*Jean Ingelow.*

The creation is a perpetual feast to a good man ;  
everything he sees cheers and delights him.

*Addison.*



THE  
GOSSIPs.

Nor do they trust  
their tongues  
alone,

But speak a language of their own ;  
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,  
Far better than a printed book ;  
Convey a libel in a frown,  
And wink a reputation down ;  
Or by the tossing of the fan  
Describe the lady and the man.

*Swift.*

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

*Shakespeare.*

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

*Pope.*

All men will surely perish, with all they prize,  
But one thing know I, Fridthjof, which never  
dies,—

And that is reputation ! therefore, ever  
The noble action strive for, the good endeavor.

*Tegnér.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,  
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,  
think.

*Byron.*

Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent :  
A man's good name is his best monument.

*Old epitaph.*

Let them die, that age and sullens have :  
. . . both become the grave.

*Shakespeare.*

Her pretty feet  
Like snails did creep,  
A little out, and then  
As if they playéd at bo-peep,  
Did soon draw in again.

*Herrick.*

A wife who preaches in her gown and lectures in her night-dress.—*Hood*.

Men are so made as to resent nothing more impatiently than to be treated as criminal for opinions which they deem true.

—*Spinoza*.



Jealousy often draws after it a fatal train of consequences.—*Addison*.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.—*Colton*.

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches.

*Dowden.*

Let us offer sweet incense to the devil, and live at ease on the fat things he has provided for the elect.—*Sartor Resartus.*

Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat  
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great  
As are his mounting wishes ; but for me,  
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

*Forest.*

Thus weathercocks, which for a while  
Have turned about with every blast,  
Grown old, and destitute of oil,  
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

*Anon.*

Tomkins will clear the land, they say,  
Of every foul abuse :  
So chimneys in the olden time  
Were cleanséd by a goose.

*Hannay.*

This is no world  
To play with mammals, and to tilt with lips ;  
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,  
And pass them current, too.

*Shakespeare.*

When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets and interchange their keys.—*Feltham.*

It is the minde that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore.  
*Spenser.*



God knows I'm not the thing I should be.—*Burns.*

A long way off, Lucinda strikes the men ;  
As she draws near,  
And one sees clear,  
A long way off one wishes her again.  
*Lessing.*

This disease is beyond my practice :  
    . . . infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician :  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her.

*Shakespeare.*

I pray you in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice.

*Shakespeare.*

Let us live well, were it alone for this,  
The baneful tongues of servants to despise :  
Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds  
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.

*Hervey.*

And she was lost,—and yet I breathed,  
But not the breath of human life :  
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
And stung my very thought to strife.

*Byron.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.

If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

*Lovelace.*

The purse of the patient often protracts his case.  
—*Zimmermann.*

But make we now an interchange of gifts :  
This said, a silver-studded sword he gave,  
With scabbard and with well-cut belt complete.

*Iliad.*

Money in bags for the fool,  
Genius in rags for his tool ;  
Fortune e'er favors the knave,  
Honesty serves as its slave.

*Horner.*

Shall I go on ? Or have I said enough ?—  
*Milton.*





